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PORTICAL FOUNT.

"Here Nature's minstrels quaff inspiring draughts."

THE RETAILER AND HIS VICTIM.

BY CHARLES W. DENISON.

The hand of death was on him. There he lay
In utter agony, upon his bed.
Of straw; his sunken eye upturn'd, and fix'd
On vacancy; his mouth was open wide,
And oft he gasp'd for breath, like a shot bird
Beneath a noon-day sun; his face how wan!
And o'er it often pass'd, like a black cloud
Over a sterile waste, the awful frown
Of hopeless deep despair. Around him stood
His wretched offspring, noisy in their woe;
And as their cries burst from their aching hearts,
They seem'd to shake their tottering hut; but they,
Forsaken ones! had no kind mother there,
To still their bitter groans. The dying man
Had bid them all adieu: had cast them forth
Upon the bleak, wide world, neglected heirs
To a poor beggar's will—a drunkard's name!
There enter'd one, with reckless step, and look,
That boldly mock'd this touching scene of woe.
He gazed with fearless eye, and blanchless cheek,
Upon the wreck which he himself had made;
Then seizing on his dying victim's hand,
Which seem'd instinctively to dread his touch—
With saintly voice, but quaking heart, he ask'd:
"My neighbor, know'st thou me?" Deep groans replied
In tones of thrilling sound—the sufferer turn'd,
And fixing on his visitor an eye
That told unutterable things, he said:
"Know you! alas! alas! too well I do!
You! who have stript me of my earthly all—
Have beggar'd me and mine; have made my life
A hell on earth; and now for me have burst
The burning portals of a hell to come!
Look at this frame so weak and haggard now;
Look at this hovel—squalid misery's den—
At those dear innocents, and hear their sob—
Then hence—and to the spot you call your home—
But as you go, tread lightly o'er the grave
Of my lost mother's wife—when there, reflect,
That, but for knowing you, I now might have
A frame as healthy and as firm as yours;
That the same hand you now have dared to touch
Might still have labor'd on to gather up
The treasures of the soil, and joyous, cast
Them in my partner's lap, a future store
For those sad, helpless orphans; that this hut,
Which charity to me has deign'd to loan—
That I might here be shelter'd from the storm,
And close my wretched days beneath a roof—
By you has been exchanged for that which once
Was mine—mine, by the purchase of my daily toil.
And now begone! my spirit loaths thy sight;
But stop—remember me must meet again!
Meet, at the bar of him whose searching eye
Has mark'd you every step; till then farewell!"
He ceased. His face was flush'd, and in his eye
There shone a brightness not of earth, which seem'd
To pass, like fiery arrows, through the soul
Of him who trembling listen'd. He had pour'd
The scorching torrent of his curses out,
Till it had dried the very fount of life,
And thus, while burning in its fires, he died!

MR. GOUGH'S SONG.

BY WM. B. TAPPAN.

I was tossed by the winds on a treacherous wave;
Above me was peril, beneath me a grave;
The sky, to my earnest inquiry, was dark;
The storm in a deluge came down on my bark;
How fearful! to drive on a horrible shore,
Where breakers of Ruin eternally roar.
Oh, Mercy! to wreck in the morning of days—
To die when life dazzles with changeable rays—
To sink as the galling and vile of the ship,
The rose on my cheek, and the dew on my lip—
And flung, as a bauble, my soul to the heaps
That glisten and mock from the caves of the deeps.
Oh, no! for a STAR trembles out in the sky,
The shrieks of the ocean complainingly die,
The gales that I covet blow fresh from the shore,
Where breakers of Ruin eternally roar;
Each sail presses homeward—all praises to THEE,
Whose word in that hour hushed tempest and sea!

OLD ALCOHOL.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Old Alcohol's the foe
Of virtue, and of man,
He lays his victims low,
We'll fly him while we can,
And seek the rill
That gushing flows,
The antidote
For all his woes.
Old Alcohol's the friend
Of sin, despair, and death,
Let us his fetters rend,
And shun his burning breath,
And seek the rill
That gushing flows,
The antidote
For all his woes.

SAFETY-BONDS.

"The pledge tee total has its millions sav'd."

GENERAL PLEDGE.

We promise to abstain from all intoxicating drinks,
and to discountenance the cause and practice of
Intemperance.

PLEDGE OF THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

I, without reserve, solemnly pledge my honor as a
man, that I will neither make, buy, sell, nor use as a
beverage, any Spirituous or Malt Liquors, Wine, or
Cider.

PLEDGE OF THE UNITED BROTHERS OF TEMPERANCE.

No brother shall make, buy, sell, or use, as a beverage,
any Spirituous or Malt Liquors, Wine or Cider.

POPULAR SELECTIONS.

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

THE SON OF TEMPERANCE.

ONE OF PROFESSOR INGRAHAM'S STORIES.
Readapted for the Baltimore Saturday Visitor.

"Where this evening, Charles?" asked a love-
ly married woman of her husband. The tone
was slightly sneeringly, though she smiled as
she spoke.

"I am on the visiting committee, and have to
call on a sick brother," answered Mr. —, as
he put on his gloves.

The lady pouted. He took up his hat and
approached her with a pleasant smile.

"Ah, Mary, I fear you will never overcome
your hostility: it is no longer prejudice, but
hostility to our Order."

"And I do not wish to. Here you were away
on Sunday night until ten o'clock, and now you
are off again."

"But I have duties I owe to others as well as
to myself, Mary! I give you five evenings,
and often six in every week, and you have a
portion of my time during the day. We must
sacrifice some things for others. As members
of the great community, we have duties external
to those due to our immediate families."

"But you had no such duties until you be-
came a Son of Temperance."

"I did not, till I became a Son of Tempe-
rance, see so plainly the duty I owed to my
fellow-creatures, as I now do. Becoming a
Son of Temperance has enlarged my views of
benevolence, and opened to me a field for its
exercise."

"And pray what are you to exercise it upon
to-night? Who do you visit?" she asked with
a toss of her pretty head.

"A young married man by the name of —,
who joined the Order a year ago, I learn by a
note I received from the worthy Patriarch,
while I was at tea, is discovered to be quite ill;
I was not aware of it till just now. As he lives
in the next street, I must go and see him."

"What is he?" "A son of Temperance." "I
mean his trade?"

"Then you mean how respectable is he?"
We Sons of Temperance know no distinction
of trade within the Order. We are all brothers
and friends. He is a mechanic; a shoemaker,
I believe; I have several times spoken with
him, and like him. He is quiet, unassuming,
and quite interesting in conversation. I have
heard him speak in the Division, with great
fluency and eloquence. His health has been
depleted of late."

"You seem to feel very much for such a sort
of person, it seems to me! Well, go! I will
try and pass the evening as well as I can, as I
do those when you are at the Order!" and the
lady pouted and looked ill-pleased.

"Why not let me ask lively Amy to drop in
and pass the evening?"

"I had rather not have her."

"Why not go into your father's? I will see
you there, and call for you when I come back."

"No."

"Then pass the time in reading."

"I shall go to bed."

This was said so very positively and angrily,
that her husband said nothing more, except,
"good evening."

She waited until she heard him close the
street door, and then sprang up and began to
pace the room. The cricket was in her way,
and she kicked it out of her way. The work-
stand was an obstacle to the free exercise of
her limbs, and she tilted it over. For full five
minutes she continued this amiable mood,
during which papers strewn the floor, chairs
were laid on their backs, and the poker and
shovel took a turn or too of the cachu about
the room. At length she threw herself upon
the sofa, and played the devil's tattoo with her
little left foot upon the carpet till she was tired.

She then pulled a feather fan to pieces, and
cast the fragments from her; took up a book,
and glanced into it and flung it to the other
side of the room, greatly to the peril of a splen-
did mirror, and to the utter demolition of a
cologne bottle that unluckily lay in its progress.
After venting a few gentle epithets at the Sons
of Temperance in general, and to her husband
in particular, she became somewhat calm,
either under the influence of cologne or ex-
haustion. Mrs. — was not a simpleton,
nor a vixen, nor a fool. She had good sense, a
cultivated mind, and knew a great deal better
than to act as she did. She was jealous; jea-
lous of the Order, not of woman; for she had
too just an appreciation of her own beauty, if
not of Charles' constancy, to be jealous of any
lady. No, the Order was her rival. It robbed
her of a part of his society, all of which she
thought it was her right to monopolize. She
was like a stingy child, with a sweet apple.

She must enjoy it in a corner, lest somebody
should want a bite.

She had from the first openly shown her hos-
tility to the Order, and many had been the
scenes of tears and recriminations between
them; he being too firm to yield to her weak
entreaties to withdraw from an institution he

knew to be so worthy, and she so blind only
to her own self-love for every hour of his time.
At his refusal she would retort.

"You pretend to 'Love, Purity, and Fidelity.' Where is your Love for me! Where is
your Purity! Where is your Fidelity! when you
refuse this to my love, after you solemnly
pledged yourself when you married me, Charles,
to love and honor me! Is this honoring or lov-
ing me? If you think so, I do not."

While Mrs. — was eating ice cream, Amy
O — came in. Being now in better humor,
(ice is an excellent prescription in these mat-
ters!) she managed to receive her husband very
admirably, when at half-past ten he returned.

He looked gratified at the change in her, but
made no remark before Miss O. At length he
said, smiling as he looked at his wife—

"Miss Amy, my wife has scolded me a little
for being a Son of Temperance, you know.—
She tried to have me stay in to-night; but as I
was on the sick committee I could not very
well. I am thankful I did not," he said impres-
sively; "would you like to hear," he added, ad-
dressing the young lady, "where I have been?"

"Yes," she answered, laughing, "Let us hear
sir, some of your great benevolent doings!"

"After I had walked five minutes from my
door, I turned into — street, and with some
difficulty found the house I sought. It was
small and of humble exterior. I knocked, and
a poor, thin, pale young woman came to the
door. I asked if Mr. — lived there? She said
he did. I told her I had come to see him, hav-
ing just heard of his illness."

"He is indeed ill, sir; I am glad you have
come to see him, sir. Are you a Son of Tempe-
rance?" she asked with an eager look.

"Yes."

"Then all is well for us!" she answered most
gratefully. "He is my husband, sir. He has
not been well for this six weeks. And for the
last ten days he hasn't been able to work an
hour put it all together. This worried him,
and made him right sick at last. Well, sir, as
his daily earnings were eat up by the four
children as fast as they came in, if he lost a
day, it was robbing the mouths that depended
upon him; and he has been paid low of late!

there are so many cordwainers, who are not
married, that work for very little. So he ap-
peared sick and took to bed with fever." And how
long has he been so ill? "Four weeks," she
answered.

"And why has he not made it known to the
Order?"

"So I told him; but he said no. He said, he
would keep from the funds of the Order till the
last minute: so he made me suffer, and that
for food, and to buy medicine."

"This sensitiveness was all wrong," I told
her. "The fund was in his own contribu-
tion. He was entitled to a right. It is
never regarded in the Order."

"But he felt that it was his duty to be
well, sir, we struggled on."

Well, sir, we struggled on. He proved worse,
and nothing to see, and nothing to eat, I made
him tell me who was Patriarch of the Division,
and so I put on my bonnet when he was asleep,
and goes straight to his house. He received me
kindly, and said my husband should at once be
attended to; and that's only an hour since, and
here you are already, sir, come to see me."

She pressed my hand with tears and expres-
sions of the deepest gratitude. I entered the
sick man's room. He lay upon a bed, reduced
to a skeleton. He turned his large glazed eyes
upon me, and smiled as he recognized me.

"You have come to a poor man's house, sir,"
he said, as if mortified at his poverty. "I did
not expect so soon to call upon the charity of
the Order."

"You are claiming of me only your right and
my duty," I said. "No Son of Temperance can
be regarded as an object of charity. He is
looked upon as a distressed brother, and the
duties extended to him are those of love. We
owe each other only love. It is this that has
brought me here."

He smiled gratefully, and pressed my hand
with his skeleton fingers, which were hot to
the touch. I found that he and his family were
perfectly destitute. There was no cooling
medicine for him; no food for them. His wife
said that the children had eaten nothing since
dinner, and were going to bed, crying for food,
and she had, for their sake, eaten nothing since
the night before!

"Oh, horror; dreadful!" exclaimed both
Amy and Mrs. —, in tones of pity and
sympathy.

"I instantly went out and hastened to the
next grocery; there I filled my handkerchief
with bread, cheese, cakes, and oranges for the
sick man, and a paper of tea and sugar; and in
my hand bore a quart of fresh milk. With these
treasures I hastened back to the scene of afflic-
tion and wretchedness. My presence soon cast
sunshine upon the gloom. In less than half an
hour things were a different face. I despatched
a note or two to my fellow-committee-men, with
instructions to bring a physician, and to come
prepared to stay for the night, as my wife would
by no means give me permission to be out."

"Charles! Charles! this is too severe!" said
his wife, bursting into tears.

"Nay, then, Mary, I did not write so to them
of you; I withdraw the words!"

"I deserved it if you did; I have been all, all
wrong; forgive me!"

"Freely!" he said, kissing her hand. "I re-
mained until they came with Dr. —. By the
time I came away every thing around was com-
fortable; clean bed linen, clean linen for him-
self, and plenty of food in the house. The Doc-
tor said with careful nursing he might recover.
I took leave of him a little while since, leaving
the two Sons of Temperance to watch by his
bedside. When they leave him their place will
be supplied with two others; I ought to be one
of them, but —"

Charles! Charles! go! Be one of them!
From this moment I shall speak only of your
Order with admiration and affection!"

BOOK-KEEPING; OR, THE RICH MAN IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

We are indebted to a friend for the following
authentic anecdote of an old New York mer-
chant, whose name, were we permitted to men-
tion it, would sound familiarly in the ears of
many of our metropolitan readers.

In old times it was the custom of the mer-
chants of the city of New York, to keep their
accounts in pounds, shillings and pence, curren-
cy. About fifty years ago, a frugal, industrious
Scotch merchant, well known to the then com-
mercial community of the city, had, by means
of fortunate commercial speculations and econo-
my, been enabled to amass a fortune of four
thousand pounds; a considerable sum of money
at that period, and which secured to its
possessor a degree of enviable independence.

His places of business and residence were, as
was customary at that time, under the same
roof. He had clerk in his employment, whose
reputation as an accountant inspired the utmost
confidence in his master, whose frugal habits
he emulated with the true spirit and feelings of
a genuine Caledonian. It was usual for the ac-
countant to make an annual balance sheet for
the inspection of his master, in order that he
might see what had been the profits of his busi-
ness for the past year. On this occasion the
balance sheet showed to the credit of the busi-
ness six thousand pounds, which somewhat as-
tonished the incredulous merchant. "It canna
be," said he, "ye had better count up again. I
dinna think I ha' had sae profitable a business
as this represents." The clerk, with his usual
patience, re-examined the statement, and de-
clared that it was "a' right," and that he was
willing to wager his salary upon its correctness.

The somewhat puzzled merchant scratched his
head with surprise, and commenced adding up
the items of the account for himself. It proved
that "I did na' think," said he, "that I was
worth over four thousand pounds; but ye ha'
made me a much richer mon. Weel, weel, I
may be a mair successful than I had tho't, and
I'll be mair wif' myself for being worth
six thousand pounds."

At early evening the store was regularly
closed by the faithful accountant; and as soon
as he had gone, the merchant, vexed and in-
credulous merchant commenced the painful
task of going over and examining the ac-
counts for himself. Night after night he
labored in his solitary counting-house, to
look for the error; but every examination con-
firmed the correctness of the clerk, until the
old Scotchman began to believe it possible that
he was really worth "sax thousand pounds." Stimulated by this addition to his wealth, he
soon felt a desire to improve the condition of
his household; and, with that view, made pur-
chase of new furniture, carpets, and other ele-
gancies, consistent with the position of a man
possessing the large fortune of six thousand
pounds. Painters and carpenters were set to
work to tear down and build up; and in a short
time the gloomy-looking residence in Stone
street was renovated to such a degree as to at-
tract the curiosity and envy of all his neighbors.

The doubts of the old man would still, however,
obtrude themselves upon his mind; and he de-
termined once more to make a thorough exam-
ination of his accounts. On a dark and stormy
night he commenced his labor, determined to
probe the matter to the very bottom. It was
past the hour of midnight, yet he had not been
able to detect a single error; but still he went
on. His heart beat high with hope, for he had
nearly reached the end of his labor. A quick
suspicion seized his mind as to one item in the
account. *Eureka!* He had found it. With the
frenzy of a madman he drew his broad-
brimmed white hat over his eyes, and rushed
into the street. The rain and storm were noth-
ing to him. He hurried to the residence of
his clerk in Wall street; reached the door, and
seized the handle of the huge knocker, with
which he had rapped until the neighborhood
was roused with the "loud alarm." The un-
fortunate clerk poked his night cap out of an
upper window, and demanded, "Wha's there?"

"It's me you dom scoundrel!" said the fren-

zied merchant, "ye're added up the year of our
Laird among the pounds!" Such was the fact.
The addition of the year of our Lord among the
items, had swelled the fortune of the merchant
some two thousand pounds beyond the amount.

From the New Haven Courier. A CHAPTER ON WINE.

There is probably no one drink which men
have been, and are now accustomed to use, and
which possesses the intoxicating principle, that
has produced so much drunkenness, and con-
sequently so much human misery, as wine.—
Long before ardent spirits were known, wine
was freely used, and with what effect once flour-
ishing, but now extinct, nations afford a mourn-
ful history. We have not time to take up this
subject at length, or hardly to give it a passing
notice; were it otherwise, we think that we
could show that seven-eighths of all the drunken-
ness in the world is directly chargeable to
its use.

Immediately after the flood we see it com-
mencing its destructive work. Noah, who had
been selected from among the inhabitants of the
old world to survive with his family the gen-
eral deluge, planted the vine, and as a result was
debased and made drunken, and a curse en-
tailed upon his descendants. Lot, who was
chosen by God for his "righteousness," and
lived an angel from the cities of the plain,
was soon after brought on a level with the
brute creation, from the use of the produc-
tion of the vine.

Ancient Egypt, Babylon, Rome, Carthage,
Greece, and many other once mighty cities and
nations, have long been numbered with the
things that were, but now are not, from licen-
tiousness; the principal cause of which was this
curse-engendering drink.

Alexander, the King of the Macedonians, the
mighty ruler and conqueror, was himself con-
quered and slain by wine. We behold in him,
and the remnant of his army, on their return
from India, a sad example of the effects of this
exhilarating beverage. For seven days they
presented a scene of brutal indulgence, which
in the world's history has not a parallel. Dur-
ing this period they were an army of raving
maniacs, cutting the most grotesque pranks,
and giving themselves up to the worst species
of licentiousness. But Alexander was not long
to enjoy this kind of pleasure; for soon, after
attending continual feasts, he was stricken to
the floor while grasping a ponderous wine cup
which he successively drained, and sunk into a
drunkard's grave at the early age of thirty-two
years, and the thirteenth of his reign. "Here,
then," says a historian, "is this hero, invincible
by all the toils of prodigious marches—by the
dangers of sieges and combat—by the most vi-
olent extremes of heat and cold—here he lies,
conquered by his intemperance, and struck to
the earth by the cup of Hercules."

But we need not go back to the history of
the ancients to see exhibited, in its hideous
forms, the destroying effects of wine. Look at
its ravages in our own country. It is a truth,
and undeniable, that men who have held seats
in our national council, and officers of State—
men of the most capacious intellect—minds
cultivated and enlarged by all that learning and
refinement could add to giant abilities, have sunk
to premature graves from the use of wine, thus
robbing their country of her once bright orna-
ments, and robbing the world of those designed
to cast around it the happy influence of rightly
guided talents. Among the living—those the
world have acknowledged great, and paid a due
meed of praise to their names and productions
—are many who are beginning to wither from
the scorping sting, and unless some power
beyond their own self-control, speedily inter-
poses between them and the wine cup, they,
too, will sink to drunkard's graves, and the re-
cord left for future ages that they died in the
prime of life, because they were unable to gov-
ern their own debased passions.

Cast your eye around our city, and as it rests
upon one and another fit abode for peace and
comfort, think how many within your recollection
have left the family circle and are now no
more, who, but for wine, might at this time
have been participating in the comforts of do-
mestic enjoyment.

'Thousands upon thousands have been ruined,
and are remembered only with disgust or re-
gret, where wine was the first, if not the sole
cause. 'Tis the wine cup's ruby glow, the
bright, sparkling champagne, which too often
tempts the youth to venture on the path of dis-
sipation. The child beholds its parents quaff
this nectar dew of death, and from them it learns
the first lesson in intemperance, but to com-
plete its education among the vile and debased,
and banished.

From a letter of the Hon. John H. Cooke, of
Virginia, who has lately visited the South-west-
ern States, it appears that the cause of Tempe-
rance is rapidly advancing in that region. In
New Orleans, where, he says, the temperance
reform had scarcely commenced when he vis-
ited that city seven years since, its various so-
cieties now number about ten thousand.